



No. 5
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ALIEN ENCOUNTERS™



The Illustrated Science Fiction
Magazine for Mature Readers

the PENUMBRA

ECLIPSE COMICS • P. O. BOX 199 • GUERNEVILLE, CALIFORNIA 95446

ON THE RACKS

SCOUT no. 4

The National Guard surrounds the President in the Astrodomo, and 1999's going haywire!

ALIEN ENCOUNTERS no. 5

The incredible Richard Corben makes his Eclipse debut! Plus, Bill Wray and Chuck Beckum!

THE DOOM PATROL INDEX no. 1 and 2

Before The New Teen Titans, there was The Doom Patrol! A special 2-part, must-have series!

MR. MONSTER no. 5

Doc Stearn battles a giant flesh-eating amoeba that decides to adopt Mr. Monster as his 'daddy'!

THE TWISTED TALES OF

BRUCE JONES no. 1 and 2

The name of this 4-issue Micro Series tells it all! Bruce Jones has put together some of his greatest efforts, including some never-before published gems!

THE MASKED MAN no. 8

The second half of what may be the most momentous tale in the Masked Man's life. Don't miss "Roxy."

SEDUCTION OF THE

INNOCENT! no. 4

Back for more! Ray Bradbury's "The Foghorn" is adapted! Plus, Alex Toth, Nick Cardy and others!

THE NEW DNAgents no. 6

The Agents attempt to return their lives to normality, but too many things get in the way.

LASER ERASER no. 4

Mysta and Axel travel to the rim planets to clean out a nest of space pirates in "Death!"

MIRACLEMAN no. 6

At last! The answer to the question everyone's been asking for over two years — what happens to MiracleDog! New stories begin!

STUDS WOULD UNDERSTAND:

When I asked for people who read our comics to write me a few lines telling who they are and what they do for a living, I really didn't know I'd get so many replies! True to my word, I will run excerpts from everyone's letters. This is you, people — you who make it possible for me to work in comics. And I thank you:

GREG FLEMING-WOLFE, Saint Paul, Minnesota is "a house-husband/musician, father of two (16 months and 1 month)." His wife is a law student. He enjoys "several of the Eclipse titles," and seems particularly fond of Tim Truman's stuff. Greg asks me to do a "tell-all" column on myself ("Are you English? Are you married (to Dean M.)? Besides lounging in hot springs, what do you do for relaxation?")

Okay, briefly, Greg, I am ethnically half Sicilian (maiden name Manfredi) and half German Jewish (mother's maiden name Erlanger). I'm not married, but curly Dino is my partner in business and in bed, to put it delicately and with extreme grace. I have a 14 year old daughter, Althaea, from a previous partnership, from whence also sprang the made-up couple-name Yronwode. (His maiden name was Paskin.) In addition to hot springing, I relax by watching old b&w movies, collecting old 78 rpm records, and producing Collectible Plastics, a bi-monthly newsletter for those who, like Dean and me, are accumulators of phenol formaldehyde artifacts from the inter-War period. Oh yes, and I also collect old love comics, and Fiesta dinnerware, and Mission style furniture and art deco style novelties, and illustrated children's books from the 1920s-30s. And Dino collects all of that stuff too, plus he also is into 1939-40 New York World's Fair items. And I collect fruit crate labels. And we both collect 1930s linen-finish postcards depicting neat old buildings and theaters. And we love to drive around the country taking photos of streamlined buildings, and buying obscure phenol formaldehyde jewelry and junk. Further details on request. And now back to you guys!

SAM HAZELRIG, Tampa, Florida,

actually took me up on my offer to come visit the office here in Guerneville! He is a food broker for Dulin Brokers in Tampa. What he does is almost exactly the same thing for food that a comic book direct sales distributor does for comics. He describes himself as "the ultimate middle man — currently looking for a line of slug slime." (That last is in reference to the late, lamented AZTEC ACE, one of his favourite comics.) In truth, Sam calls up Safeway stores and asks them if they're out of Niblets canned corn. He gave us a t-shirt that advertises Tampa as the Guava capital of the United States, which I guess it is. We gave him a free comic in return.

DAVID A. J. MCGLONE, San Jose, California, is "a software technician and junior software developer at Tandem Computers, [and] also a student at San Jose State College."

STEPHEN COLLINS, Abington, Pennsylvania, is "an assistant pressman for an offset printing plant called Spectra Graphics." He says this shop "doesn't print comics, at least not yet, but you never know what the future might bring." Stephen likes the idea of learning about Eclipsoids. "I think it will be neat to find out what everyone does." Me too, Stephen. Stay tuned to this station for more info!

catherine yronwode

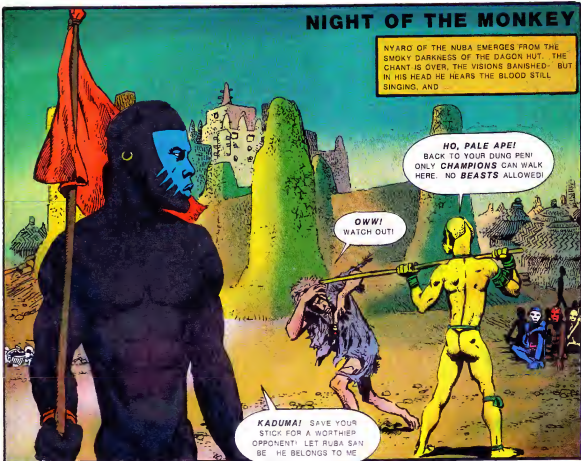
IN YOUR HANDS

We're very happy to welcome the internationally acclaimed Richard Corben to our pages. His story which follows immediately is a true alien encounter. We also have another gem from David Lloyd, whose "Man in the Fog" met with great response in TALES OF TERROR recently. Plus, David Dorman's 'Casa Bianco,' which is the story behind this issue's cover! And... Tim Burgard and Chuck Beckum round it all out!

ALIEN ENCOUNTERS no. 5, February 1986. Published by Eclipse Comics, P.O. Box 199, Guerneville, CA 95446. Catherine Yronwode, Editor. Dean Mullaney, Publisher. Cover art ©1986 David Dorman. "Night of the Monkey" ©1986 Simon Revelstroke & Richard Corben. "Casa Bianco" ©1986 David Dorman & Craig Beldman. Cover art ©1986 David Dorman. "Another Man's Shoes" ©1986 Tim Burgard & Chuck Beckum. Journal of a Space Traveller ©1986 David Lloyd. All other material ©1986 Eclipse Enterprises, Inc. Alien Encounters is a trademark of Eclipse Enterprises, Inc. All rights reserved. The stories, characters and events in this magazine are fictional. Film by SM Graphics. Printed in Canada.

NIGHT OF THE MONKEY

NYARO OF THE NUBA EMERGES FROM THE SMOKY DARKNESS OF THE DAGON HUT. THE CHANT IS OVER, THE VISIONS BANISHED- BUT IN HIS HEAD HE HEARS THE BLOOD STILL SINGING, AND



©1985 SIMON REVELSTROKE
AND RICHARD CORBEN



AH, KADUNDOR KADUMA
SHOWS GLIMMERINGS OF WISDOM.
ACCIDENTALLY GAINED. NO DOUBT
YOU FORGET WHO'S THE MASTER
OF THE **ZUAR-RING**. KADUMA.
YOU NEED A REMINDER.

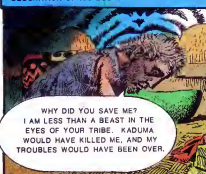


THE SUN GLARES DOWN LIKE THE ORB OF A BALEFUL GOD AS THE TWO FIGHTERS ENTER THE RING AND ADVANCE UNTIL THEIR SHADOWS TOUCH AT ITS CENTER

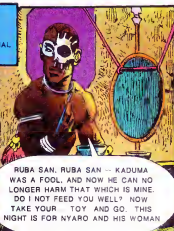




THE DRUMS THROB LIKE A GIANT'S HEARTBEAT IN THE NIGHT. THEY MAKE THE SKIN TINGLE. THE LOINS TIGHTEN, THE BLOOD BOIL. IN HIS HUT THE BATTERED CHAMPION PAUSES IN THE CEREMONIAL DECORATION OF HIS BODY.



WHY DID YOU SAVE ME?
I AM LESS THAN A BEAST IN THE EYES OF YOUR TRIBE. KADUMA WOULD HAVE KILLED ME, AND MY TROUBLES WOULD HAVE BEEN OVER.



RUBA SAN, RUBA SAN -- KADUMA WAS A FOOL, AND NOW HE CAN NO LONGER HARM THAT WHICH IS MINE. DO I NOT FEED YOU WELL? NOW TAKE YOUR TOY AND GO. THIS NIGHT IS FOR NYARO AND HIS WOMAN



ALONE ... ALONE AGAIN.

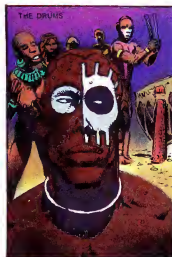
KA-CHING
KA-CHING
KA-CHING



O-WEI,
O-WEI,
O-WEI,



THE BOOL, THE DANCE OF LOVE, BEGINS ...



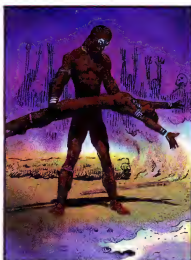
THE DRUMS



THRUM ...



LOUDER.



BUT EVEN AS THE TWO LOVERS
DEPART, THE AIR SHIMMERS AND
STIRS BEHIND THEM.





HEE! HEE! ANOTHER WOULD
EMBRACE YOUR BELOVED THIS
NIGHT, NYARO. KADUMA
PROMISED HER TO ME ...

KADUMA IS
DEAD!

NEVERTHELESS SHE IS MINE
BY HIS BLOOD OATH!
GIVE HER TO ME.



BEWARE MY WRATH!
REFUSE AND I SHALL
VISIT THE UNSPEAKABLE
UPON YOU.

SET FOOT UPON
THE GROUND AND I SHALL
SMITE YOU, WIZARD!



YOU *HURT* ME, NYARO?
HEE! HEE! WITH WHAT?
YOUR LIMBS ARE AS
BONELESS AS A SERPENT'S.
BOILS ASSAIL YOU.



NOW, NYARO - WHERE IS YOUR
VAUNTED STRENGTH? WHY, EVEN
THE EARTH WILL NO LONGER
SUPPORT YOU.



SAY IT NYARO, BEFORE YOU
DIE. TELL YOUR FRIENDS
COWERING IN THE NIGHT. **MALLE**
IS THE MIGHTIEST OF MEN. THE
MAGIC OF **MALLE** IS UNBEATABLE.
SAY IT, TOAD, OR I'LL CRUSH
YOUR SKULL!

R-R-RUN,
YAMILAI!



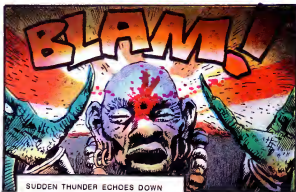
KRAK!



WHAA - ?
YOU!

GO BACK TO YOUR
HOLE, WIZARD - OR
WHEREVER IT IS YOU
CRAWLED FROM.

RUBA SAN,
RUN!





EPILOGUE



THE END

CASA BLANCO

STORY/ART/LETTERS:
• DAVID PORMAN
DIALOGUE:
• CRAIG BOLDMAN
EDITOR:
• CAT YRONWODE
COLORIST:
• RON COURTNEY

THE CHANCES OF THAT OCCURRING DECREASE DRAMATICALLY IF YOUR SMAGMA PUMP IS A WORN-DOWN, ANTIQUATED PILE OF CREAKING PISTONS AND RODS.



DAMN'D WEEGIES ARE SHOT! I'LL HAVE TO SEND 'EM TO...

"SPUTTER-SPUTTER-SPUT-?" OH, LORD! I KNOW THAT SOUND.

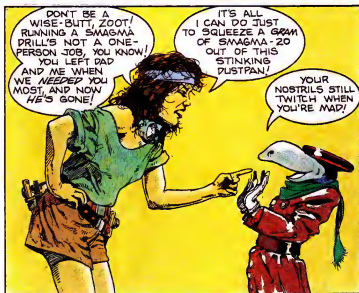


IT'S BEEN SIX FRIGGING YEARS, ZOOT!! AREN'T YOU EVER GOING TO ADJUST THE CYLINDERS ON THAT FLOATMOBILE?



I'M NOT MECHANICALLY MINDED LIKE YOU, BERLIN!

HOW MANY BARRELS OF SMAGMA ARE YOU PUMPING THESE DAYS?



DON'T BE A WISE-BUTT, ZOOT! RUNNING A SMAGMA DRILL'S NOT A ONE-PERSON JOB, YOU KNOW! YOU LEFT DAD AND ME WHEN WE NEEDED YOU MOST, AND NOW HE'S GONE!

IT'S ALL I CAN DO JUST TO SQUEEZE A GRAM OF SMAGMA-20 OUT OF THIS STINKING PUSTPAN!

YOUR NOSTRILS STILL TWITCH WHEN YOU'RE MAD!



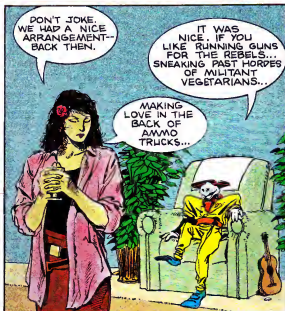
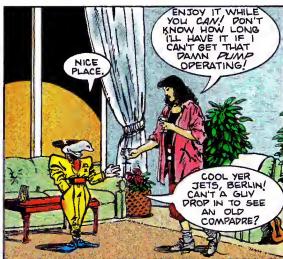
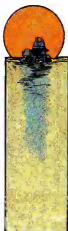
>SPUTTER! SPUTTER! SPUT! < SHITHEAD!

THAT'S VERY GOOD. CAN YOU DO A FREIGHT-FLOATER?

LIFE ON EL BLANCO IS TOUGH, BUT THE REWARDS ARE GREAT-- IF YOU'RE LUCKY ENOUGH TO POKE THROUGH THAT MOON'S CRUST AT JUST THE RIGHT SPOT AND TAP INTO A VEIN OF SMAGMA 20.



!!?@!

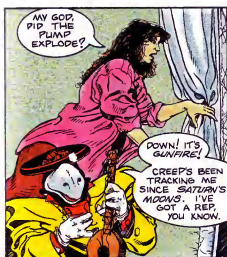


SORRY ABOUT YOUR PAD. I HEARD ABOUT HIS RUN-IN WITH THOSE CLAIM-JUMPERS

SKIP IT. IT WAS A LONG TIME AGO. THE PAST IS BEST LEFT IN THE PAST.

USUALLY.





MY GOD,
DID THE
PUMP
EXPLODE?

DOWN! IT'S
GUNFIRE!

CREEP'S BEEN
TRACKING ME
SINCE SATURN'S
MOONS. I'VE
GOT A REP,
YOU KNOW.



IT'S THE
OLD STORY--
LOVE ME, LOVE MY
GROUPIES! MAKES IT
TOUGH TO STAND
STILL FOR
LONG!



COME ON
OUT, ZOOT!--
AND BRING
THE WA...



SHEESH!
YOU'VE GOTTEN
SOFT SINCE
THE OLD DAYS, ZOOT!
I THINK I SEE
A FEW BITS OF
HIM THAT DON'T
HAVE HOLES!

A
COUPLE DOZEN
WELL-PLACED
WARNING SHOTS
GENERALLY
DO THE
TRICK.



LISTEN ZOOT--
WHY DON'T YOU
STAY A WHILE? I'VE
MISSED THAT DAMN
LIKELELE OF
YOURS.

YEAH, HONEY,
I'VE MISSED
YOU TOO...
SURE YOU
DON'T KNOW
ABOUT THE
WATCH?

SORRY.



ME TOO...
I'M OUT OF
HERE.



SORRY



AT THREE O'CLOCK TODAY THE OFFICE TOOK IT'S TOLL. WENDY ANDERSON'S BODY HAS BEEN ON AUTOMATIC PILOT SINCE THEN.



IT'S BEEN A ROUGH DAY, AND THE SIGHT OF AN INCIPENT BLOCK PARTY FORMING IN FRONT OF HER APARTMENT BUILDING DOESN'T DO MUCH FOR HER STATE OF MIND.

YOU KNOW I WON'T CALL THE COPS ABOUT THE NOISE, FREDDY. BUT THE NEIGHBORS...

THEY'RE ALL HERE! LOOSEN UP, WEN, JOIN THE FUN.



THANKS, BUT I'M A LITTLE TOO... TIRED. MAYBE NEXT TIME.

HER EXHAUSTION GIVES WAY TO A HEADACHE AS SOUNDS FROM THE PARTY CONTINUE TO THUD THROUGH HER WALLS, AND WENDY KNOWS THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO LEAVE THE FATIGUE, THE PAIN AND NOISE BEHIND.



DINNER WON'T BE READY FOR HALF AN HOUR. THAT SHOULD BE ENOUGH TIME TO TRY OUT OUR NEW TOY.

OH BOY, JAMAICA, HERE I COME!

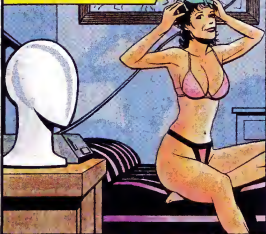


ANOTHER MAN'S SHOES
Burgard
Beckum



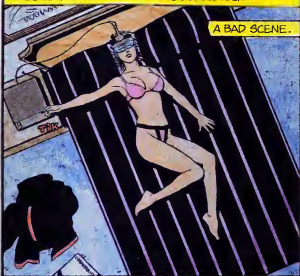
AT LUNCH WENDY WAS SHANGHAIED BY HER ROOMMATE, JULIE, TO A LITTLE SECOND-HAND STORE WHERE JULIE HAD EARLIER DISCOVERED THE F.S. 300 HOME ENTERTAINMENT COMPUTER.

IT WAS USED, BUT STILL TOO EXPENSIVE FOR JULIE TO BUY, SO SHE THREW IN A MONTH OF DOING ALL THE HOUSEWORK IF WENDY WOULD GO IN ON IT TOO. A REAL BARGAIN.



STILL, WENDY ALMOST BACKED OUT OF THE DEAL WHEN SHE HEARD WHY THE MACHINE CAME SO CHEAP. APPARENTLY THE FIRST OWNER BECAME ADDICTED TO IT AND SPENT ALL HIS TIME PLUGGED IN. SOMETHING LIKE ALCOHOLISM, THE DEALER SAID. THE GUY LOST HIS JOB, HIS FAMILY, AND FINALLY, WAS COMMITTED TO AN ASYLUM.

A BAD SCENE.



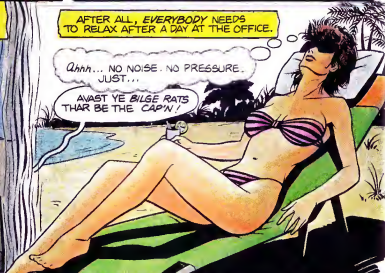
BUT STILL, AN F.S. 300... IT WAS STATE-OF-THE-ART... AND WENDY WANTED ENTERTAINMENT AS MUCH AS JULIE DID.



AFTER ALL, EVERYBODY NEEDS TO RELAX AFTER A DAY AT THE OFFICE.

Qhhh... NO NOISE. NO PRESSURE. JUST...

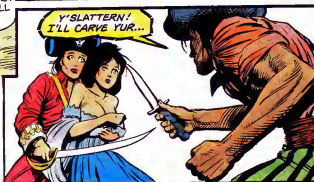
AVAST YE BILGE RATS THAR BE THE CAP'N!



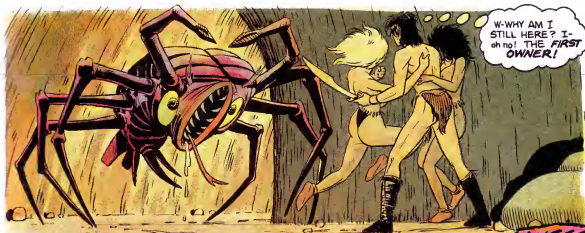
WHA...?

TH' SPOILS BE READY FOR YUR INSPECTION, CAPN' FLINT, SUR!









W-WHY AM I
STILL HERE? I-
oh no! THE FIRST
OWNER!



THE BASTARD!
HE STAYED IN HERE MAKING
WET DREAMS UNTIL
THE DAMN MACHINE
REACHED ITS
STORAGE LIMIT.

SKEEE!



WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?
IF THE COMPUTER'S MEMORY
IS FULL, THEN MY RETURN
CODE WASN'T ACCEPTED.
THE ORIGINAL CODE MUST
STILL BE GOOD, BUT THE
ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS IT IS
IN A RUBBER ROOM.



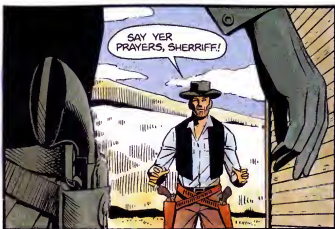
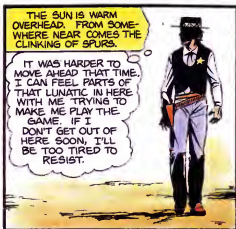
YOU WERE
MAGNIFICENT,
O MAN!
LET MY SISTER
AND I THANK
YOU PROPERLY!

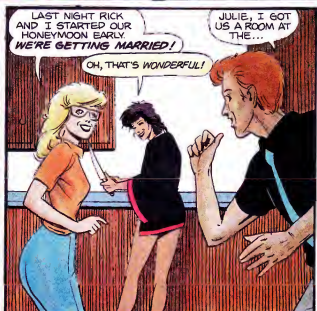


LET GO
OF ME!

SUDDENLY
SO... TIRED...







JOURNAL OF A SPACE TRAVELLER

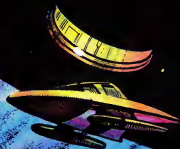
17TH JULY 7.00 PM

TWENTY HOURS AGO I LOCKED INTO ORBIT AROUND A PLANET CALLED PARIS, WHICH ISN'T NAMED AFTER THE FRENCH CAPITAL BUT HONOURS A HERO OF THE TROJAN WARS—THE ONE WHO DISCOVERED THAT ACHILLES WASN'T SO PERFECT AFTER ALL.

THE SMALL AMOUNT OF DATA I HAD ON THE NATURE OF THE PLANET SHOWED ME THAT LARGE TRACTS OF IT WERE SUITABLE FOR HUMAN HABITATION. I WAS HOPING I WOULD FIND A HUMAN COMMUNITY DOWN THERE, THOUGH I HAD NO RECORDS OF AN OFFICIAL COLONIZATION HAVING TAKEN PLACE.

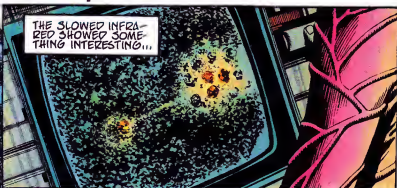


I TOOK OUT THE LAUNCH THAT NEEDED A HEAT SHIELD RENEWAL. I DON'T KNOW WHY—MAYBE I'M DEVELOPING A DEATH-WISH OR SOMETHING...

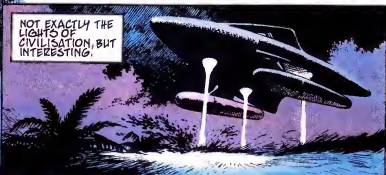


ANYWAY, IT HELD OUT. I MADE A MENTAL NOTE TO DISCIPLINE MYSELF MORE IN THE FUTURE.

the soft airs of thine own land



THE SLOWED INFRA-RED SHOWED SOMETHING INTERESTING...

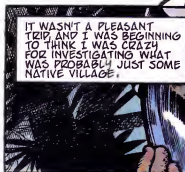


NOT EXACTLY THE LIGHTS OF CIVILISATION, BUT INTERESTING.

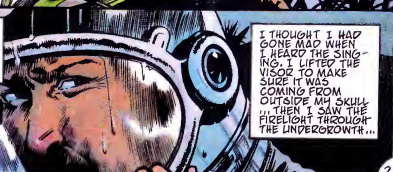
THE JUNGLE WAS A SOLID MASS OF VEGETATION. I USED THE BEAM CUTTER ON IT SO I'D HAVE A TRAIL TO FOLLOW BACK TO THE LAUNCH.



AND IT WAS SOAKING WET. I KEPT MY HELMET ON AND THE VISOR DOWN, EVEN THOUGH THE AIR WAS PERFECTLY BREATHABLE. WELL, MAYBE NOT PERFECTLY — BUT IT WAS GOOD ENOUGH ACCORDING TO TEST READINGS.



IT WASN'T A PLEASANT TRIP, AND I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK I WAS CRAZY FOR INVESTIGATING WHAT WAS PROBABLY JUST SOME NATIVE VILLAGE.



I THOUGHT I HAD GONE MAD WHEN I HEARD THE SINGING. I LIFTED THE VISOR TO MAKE SURE IT WAS COMING FROM OUTSIDE MY SKULL... THEN I SAW THE FIRELIGHT THROUGH THE UNDERGROWTH...




OH DANNY BOY,
THE PIPES, THE
PIPES ARE
CAAAAAALLLING...

FROM GLEN TO
GLEN, AND DOWN
THE MOUNTAIN-
SIDE....

IT'S I'LL BE THERE,
... IN SUNSHINE OR IN
SHADOW...



DEAR
GOD...



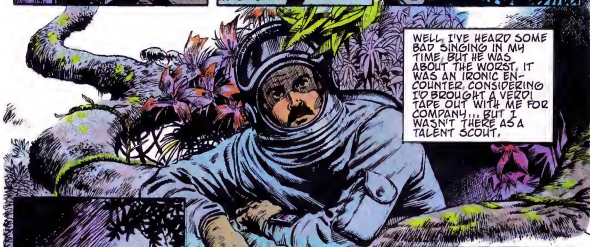
HE SANG 'DANNY
BOY' SIX MORE
TIMES BEFORE
THEY LET HIM
FINISH.



THANK YOU,
MUSIC LOVERS. SORRY-
CAN'T STOP FOR
AUTOGRAPHS.



ALL RIGHT,
YOU LITTLE
BASTARDS, TAKE
IT EASY!
=COUGH=



WELL, I'VE HEARD SOME
BAD SINGING IN MY
TIME, BUT HE WAS
ABOUT THE WORST. IT
WAS AN IRONIC EN-
COUNTER, CONSIDERING
I'D BROUGHT A VERD
TAPE OUT WITH ME FOR
COMPANY... BUT I
WASN'T THERE AS A
Talent Scout.



I WAITED UNTIL THE
VILLAGE WAS ASLEEP
— OR AS ASLEEP AS
IT WAS LIKELY TO
GET...



WHAT— ?

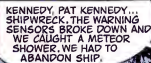
SHHH !





ABOUT TEN MINUTES AWAY IF WE CAN STAY ON THE BEAM PATH I CUT.

SO HOW DID YOU GET IN THIS MESS, ER...



KENNEDY, PAT KENNEDY... SHIPWRECK. THE WARNING SENSORS BROKE DOWN AND WE CAUGHT A METEOR SHOWER. WE HAD TO ABANDON SHIP.



ONLY CHUCK MILSON AND ME GOT HERE - BUT THE RANGI GOT MILSON. I —



ROAR! GRARCH! ROAR!

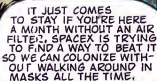
THAT'S IT, THEY'VE CAUGHT THEIR DINNER. \geq COUGH \leq LET'S GO BEFORE THEY LOOK FOR A SECOND COURSE.



THAT'S A NASTY COUGH YOU'VE GOT THERE.



IT'S A FUNGUS, A PARASITE, LIVES IN THE LUNGS. I FORGET WHAT IT'S CALLED NOW. \geq COUGH \leq



IT JUST COMES TO STAY IF YOU'RE HERE A MONTH WITHOUT AN AIR FILTER. SPACEX IS TRYING TO FIND A WAY TO BEAT IT SO WE CAN COLONIZE WITHOUT WALKING AROUND IN MASKS ALL THE TIME.



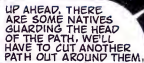
HOW IS OLD MOTHER EARTH, BY THE WAY?



HOLD IT, SHHH.



WHAT IS IT?



UP AHEAD, THERE ARE SOME NATIVES GUARDING THE HEAD OF THE PATH. WE'LL HAVE TO CUT ANOTHER PATH OUT AROUND THEM.



OHH, NO...



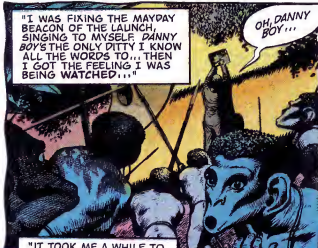
WELL, \geq COUGH \leq THAT BRINGS BACK BAD MEMORIES...



HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN HERE?




WELL—




"I WAS FIXING THE MAYDAY BEACON OF THE LAUNCH, SINGING TO MYSELF. DANNY BOY'S THE ONLY DITTY I KNOW ALL THE WORDS TO... THEN I GOT THE FEELING I WAS BEING WATCHED..."

OH, DANNY BOY...




"WE DIDN'T KNOW A LOT ABOUT PARIS. IT WAS ONE OF THOSE NEW DISCOVERIES - STILL WAITING FOR FULL EXPLORATION TEAMS TO BE ASSIGNED TO THEM. PARISIANS WERE STILL AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY."



"IT TOOK ME A WHILE TO FIGURE OUT WHAT THEY WERE SO EXCITED ABOUT. I THOUGHT IT WAS JUST A NATURAL DESIRE TO PUT ME IN THEIR COOK POT - BUT IT WAS MORE EXOTIC THAN THAT... THEY LIKED MY SINGING. IN FACT, THEY LOVED IT."


"THEY KEPT ME FED, LOCKED ME UP IN THAT HUT, AND LET ME OUT EVERY NIGHT TO ENTERTAIN THEM AROUND THE CAMPFIRE."



"I BECAME A MAJOR ATTRACTION... THEY INVITED NEIGHBOURING VILLAGES TO HEAR ME... I WAS SCARED MY VOICE WOULD GIVE UP ESPECIALLY WITH THIS PARASITE THING I'VE GOT. BUT SOMEHOW IT DIDN'T - EVEN THE COUGH LEFT ME ALONE WHILE I WAS SINGING."

"AND THE ONLY SONG I KNOW IS DANNY BOY, AND THEY KEPT ON WANTING TO HEAR IT."

"THE ONLY DIFFERENCE BETWEEN WHAT I WAS AND A BLOODY BUDGERIGAR WAS THAT THEY DIDN'T KEEP ME LOCKED UP IN A CAGE..."



LISTEN, JAMES, ³COUGH⁵ IS THAT BEAM CUTTER ADJUSTABLE? THEY'RE NOT GOING TO GO AWAY AND WE CAN'T SIT HERE ALL NIGHT, NOW CAN WE?

EVEN IF IT WAS ADJUSTABLE - WHICH IT ISN'T - I WOULDN'T USE IT AS A WEAPON, KENNEDY. I DON'T BELIEVE IN MURDER UNLESS THERE'S NO ALTERNATIVE - AND EVEN THEN I'M NOT CONVINCED.

WHAT ARE YOU GO-
ING TO DO? ASK THE
LITTLE BASTARDS
NICELY IF WE CAN
GO?

NO.

WAIT
HERE.

HE DIDN'T LIKE ME
LEAVING HIM WITH-
OUT EXPLANATION.
I GOT THE DISTINCT
IMPRESSION HE
THOUGHT I WAS
GOING TO RUN OUT
ON HIM OR SOME-
THING. HE WAS
RELIEVED WHEN I
GOT BACK.

WHAT DID
YOU DO?
= COUGH =

CELESTE
XIDA...

WAIT
AND SEE.

FORMA
DIVINA...

MISTICO
SERTO DI LUCE
E FIOR

GLORY
BE.

DEL MIO
PENSIERO TU SEI REGINA,
TU DI MIA VITA SEI LO
SPENDOR.

IL TUO BEL
CIELO VORREI RICARTI,
LE DOLCI...

SPACEVAN



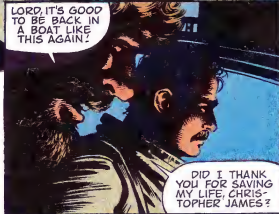
BREZZE DEL PATRIO
SUOI; UN REGAL
SERTO SUL CRIN
POSARTI...



ERGERTI UN TRONO
VICINO AL SOL!
AH!...



...MISTICO
RAGGIO DI LUCE
E FIOR...



LORD, IT'S GOOD
TO BE BACK IN
A BOAT LIKE
THIS AGAIN!

DID I THANK
YOU FOR SAVING
MY LIFE, CHRIS-
TOPHER JAMES?



...IL TUO BEL CIELO
VORREI RIDARTI, LE DOLCI
BREZZE DEL PATRIO SUOI;
UN REGAL SERTO SUL
CRIN POSARTI,

ERGERTI UN
TRONO VICINO AL SOL,
UN TRONO VICINO AL SOL,
UN TRONO VICINO
AL SOL!



OH! COUGH
G-GOD, I
CAN'T —

WHAT
IS IT?!



CAN'T...
BREATHE...
GAHHH...

WHY! WHAT'S
HAPPENING?...

I QUICKLY PUT THE LAUNCH
ON AUTO-PILOT — WE'D
JUST REACHED SUFFICIENT
ALTITUDE FOR ME TO DO
THAT — AND I GAVE HIM
OXYGEN... IT WAS THE
WORST THING I COULD
HAVE DONE...

BUT THEN EVEN THE
BEST THING I COULD
HAVE DONE AT THE TIME
WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN
ANY GOOD TO HIM.

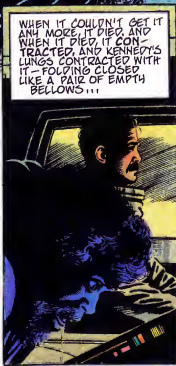
WHEN I GOT HIM IN THE
MEDIC ROOM ON THE
SHIP AND RAN THE AUTO-
DOC OVER HIS BODY, IT
SHOWED ME WHAT HAD
KILLED HIM. I HAVEN'T
HAD ANY REAL MEDICAL
TRAINING SO IT TOOK ME
A WHILE TO UNDERSTAND.

WHEN IT COULDN'T GET IT
ANY MORE, IT DIED, AND
WHEN IT DIED, IT CON-
TRACTED, AND KENNEDY'S
LUNGS CONTRACTED WITH
IT — FOLDING CLOSED
LIKE A PAIR OF EMPTY
BELLAWS...

AS I'VE SAID, I COULDN'T
HAVE DONE ANYTHING FOR
HIM ON THE LAUNCH
BECAUSE I DIDN'T KNOW
WHY HE WAS DYING. BUT
I STILL HAVE A TERRIBLE
FEELING OF GUILT...



IT WAS THE PARASITE.
IT NEEDED SOMETHING
IN THE AIR OF PARIS
TO SURVIVE, AS WELL
AS THE WARM COM-
PARTMENTS OF
KENNEDY'S LUNGS.



JUST BEFORE HE STARTED
GASPING FOR BREATH, FOR
ONE FLEETING MOMENT,
AND WITHOUT MUCH
HUMOUR, I THOUGHT TO
MYSELF, "IS HE WORTH
THE LOSS OF THE ONLY
VERDI TAPE I HAD?"